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The entire population.

(For the Saturday Press.)

FELINE CONCERTS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

That the New Yorkers are essentially a musical people is soon made manifest to the visiting stranger. At all times and in all places the air is rife with melodious sounds. Hardly has the dawn streaked the East with rose and amber hues before the drowsy metropolitan is aroused from his slumbers by floating sounds of joyance and delight.

The tuneful fishwife is an early warbler, and softly through the kindling day her poetic temperament finds expression in crying porgies, blue fish, and lobsters. Next may be heard that thrush-voiced vender and purchaser of antique tiles, whose plaintive "Old hats! old hats!" fills the listening morning with dulcet rapture. As the matin grows, the blithe voices multiply and increase in volume. Robin-like, the joyous milkman sounds his long, sweet "Yeoup!" from door to door; like so many linnets the merry butcher boys trudge or drive through the thoroughfares with matutinal whistle and sweet, airy calls to their companions in joy; the pensive rapture of the ragwoman's ditty is only surpassed by the oriole-note of the deep, rich "Glass put in!" while, perhaps, the melodious summons of some aerial mason to his hod-carrying coadjutor quavers down through the rosy air like a skylark's hymn.

As the morning advances, instrumental music combines with the vocal glee. The novel tune of "Old Dog Tray" perchance exhales dreamfully from the barrel organ, wherewith the roving Italian recalls the blue sky of his native land. The dulcet sounds of the German girl's tambourine chimes in with its particular cadence; the long pure notes of the itinerant violinist also woos the enchanted ear, and, through the lapses of daylight, perhaps the soul-soothing pibroch of Scotia, the breezy bagpipe's heavenly strain, is buoyed upon the billow of delicious sounds, like the moaning of mountain gales through mountain pines.

On and on, through morning, noon, and afternoon, the air is permeated with melody, both vocal and instrumental, until the enraptured stranger realizes with difficulty that he is simply in New York, instead of in some enchanted city of delight. In the contemplation of the humblest of our public buildings he sympathizes with the "frozen music" simile of Goethe, and his senses are slowly wrapped in elysium; but when the shadows of evening begin softly to gather round the music-breathing metropolis, and the angelic accents of the hot-corn girl commingle with the floating strains, assisted by the bell-like clink of glasses and bacchanalian chorus from the lager beer saloon, and the oral burden of the home-returning veteran's song, the bliss of the entranced listener becomes a joy akin to pain.

He must linger over night, however, to reach the acme of auricular enjoyment. As the nightingale is the sweetest songster of the forest so the night-minstrel of the alley, the by-way, and the area is the most rapturous of all the city singers. The feline accompaniment is to metropolitan melody what the singing of the stars must be to the grand harmony of Nature.

Scarcely has the stranger guest composed his head upon his pillow before he is treated with a back-yard serenade, which causes him to listen intently that no single note may escape him. The manner of the nocturnal minstrelsy is a medley. Usually commencing with a low plaintive note, something like a sick baby's moan, it increases into a long-drawn "meaouw," which melts away anon to a gentle "yeaouw," that gradually swoons into an enchanted "eaouw," filling the mind of the hearer with the fantastic desire of Manfred—

> "O that I were
> The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
> A living voice, a breathing harmony,
> A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
> With the bless'd tone that made me."

The voice continues its sad, wild wailing, and is soon blended with another and still another, until the soul of the rapt auditor floats away into a fairy land, whose inhabitants and all visible objects are but the creation of pure music, the embodiment and symbolization of perfect sound. He thinks of the palace called Beautiful; he dreamily strays among the pagodas of the long past and the porcelain towers of Siam musical with invisible bells, and, finally, wings his way on pinions of song to the Moslemite Paradise, where large-eyed houris float around him to the delirious rapture of celestial strains.

The music in the yard continues. From fitful gusts it gushes into protracted cadences, now slow, now fast, now low, now loud, until finally it rises with terrible rapidity, culminating in a tempest of manifold sounds which inspires a joy too wild to bear.

Now comes the reaction. So cloyed with melody has the listener become that he grows distraught with his beatitude. Unaccustomed to the musical metropolis, he has freely and imprudently drank of melody until intoxicated. Delirious with joy, crazed with rapture, he falls from Paradise to Hades. He springs from his couch, and raves and roars with joy &

he dances up to the casement and vents his delirium of delight in a string of dissonant epithets. He has been known to throw cologne bottles, tooth brushes, and even his own boots toward the vicinity whence the wild music proceeds, and finally concludes by roaring himself hoarse, and passing a night of restless wretchedness. He has imbibed of harmony to excess, has experienced the horror as well as the pleasure of the hasheesh rhapsody, and usually leaves the city by the first train in the morning.

The native of New York, however, is beyond these spasms as a general thing. He has imbibed the delicious effusions, the charming extravaganzas of the feline concert in moderate quantities from his youth upward, and now he has reached the blissful auricular condition which enables him to lie composedly in his bed and enjoy the diapason of the midnight mews. Whether it be a lorn-love ditty, a mild serenade, or a battle song it is equally delightful.

Nevertheless, in certain neighborhoods where the feline population is particularly dense, we have seen even old inhabitants imbued with the blissful frenzy we have described as frequently taking possession of the transient visitor.

In such a neighborhood do we burn our midnight gas. Eighteen cats frequent the fences which our casements overlook. Two of them are the exclusive property of our landlady. They are both of the masculine gender, and while one bears the democratic soubriquet of Tommy, the other rejoices in the more euphonious appellation of Thomaso. The last mentioned is an antique specimen, whose past loves are not to be numbered. He is positively a feline roué—a Don Giovanni among cats. It is upon record that before reaching the age of twelve months he had woed and won every Tabity of erotic years in the vicinity of his haunts. This Lothario is dark brown, of the Angora species, with a short stumpy tail, and rumor runs that he is still extremely susceptible to the charms of the gentler sex.

Little Tommy is yet a mere stripling, and romps with the pretty females of his kind in all the innocence of youth.

The yard back of and immediately contiguous to the home of Thomaso, is the native heath of a huge Maltese cat, the particular favorite of an ancient maiden lady, and the sworn rival and deadly foe of Thomaso.

The belle of the female portion of the feline community is a beautiful tortoise-shell maiden, who most frequently promenades in the sun, to the envious delectation of Thomaso, the son of Malta, and all other males of the colony.

The remainder of the eighteen are of various ages, both sexes, and manifold hues, but are not worthy of detailed description.

Every warm night, when it does not rain, these sweet minstrels convocate upon a pine shed immediately in the rear of our lodgings, and all through the balmy hours discourse their peculiar and most excellent music, to the infinite delight of every human being within earshot. One old gentleman, indeed, the windows of whose third-story back room face our own, and who is of a decidedly musical turn, is sometimes so enraptured that he arises in the middle of the night, and, through the instrumentality of an asthmatic French horn, accompanies the serenaders with loud and boisterous windings. As a general thing, however, the residents take the affair quietly; only once do we remember seeing the whole neighborhood excited to the pitch of pleasurable frenzy.

One lovely night, not long ago, we had sunk into a delicious, dreamy state, strangely and sweetly permeated by the lingering accords of a feline serenade, when we were suddenly and disagreeably aroused by a wild hubbub at the back windows of the entire block.

The cats were in the midst of their most extravagant melody, and, instantly divining that our neighbors were unwontedly excited, we sprang from our bed and glanced out of the window. Horrible to relate! the cats themselves were inspired with the joyous frenzy which they had so often occasioned in the human mind—a Kilkenny musical fury had taken possession of them, and they were evidently enjoying a free fight, mingled with song, whose wild rhapsodies were entrancingly, bewitchingly beautiful. Yells, howls, meaouws, hisses, spittings, and enchanting shrieks rent the air with the power of a number of brass bands, combined with three or four troupes of Ethiopian minstrels. The moon was behind a cloud, and the musicians themselves were invisible—only their eyes were there, the fiery eyes, whose swift eccentric orbits we could mark in the gathering gloom.

All the rooms opposite were illuminated, and one glance at their occupants indicated the melancholy fact that they were crazed with sweet sounds.

We saw the musical old gentleman seize his consumptive French horn and blow it wildly for a few seconds, but his divine ecstacy knew no bounds. He could not keep still, but danced from window to window of his room, shouting frantically, and every now and then launching a missle at the mad musicians.

The old maid who occupied the room immediately under the musical gentleman's was also at her window, with her hair in papers, and an unseemly night-cap on the back of her head. She seemed utterly regardless of appearances, but gazed from her casement with a wild light in her angular face.

The two pretty girls in the next house but one were also peering through the slats of their shutters. We could only catch a glimpse of their white nightgowns now and then, but a low, plaintive moan would issue from their room, conveying something of the delirious joy which thrilled their tender bosoms.

A returned soldier, who occupies a room in the same house, with the same outlook, sat at his window with a revolver in either hand, letting off his surplusage of joyance by peppering the unfortunate musicians, while two firemen, who sleep in the apartment immediately above, had made their way to the roof, and were busily engaged in keeping up a perpetual storm of brickbats. They had already demolished three chimneys in order to procure ammunition, and were now half way through a fourth.

There were probably a hundred people enjoying the scene, and they all appeared to be influenced by the same musical delectation, and kept up an irregular fire with spittoons, shaving-cups, pitchers, wash-bowls, and other articles of toilet.

The wild scene lasted about twenty minutes, when suddenly the minstrelsy ceased. The spectators slowly descended from the blissful realms of fancy into which they had temporarily soared, and one by one retired to the seclusion of their apartments.

Still thrilled with a fond recollection of the music that was no more, we sat at our window till daylight, the first glimmerings of which revealed a white-robed female form sitting mournfully in the yard immediately behind our own. It was that of the afore-mentioned spinster, silently weeping over the lifeless remains of her Maltese cat. Around her was strewn the debris of the battle-field, consisting of feline ears, tails, legs, feet, claws, teeth, etc., the whole lightly covered by a thin snow of white and yellow hair.

Tommy was never seen again; Thomaso only recovered with the loss of both eyes, and the disconsolate tortoise-shell beauty died of a broken heart. Thirteen musicians perished on that fatal night. The remainder of the eighteen are sadly out of voice, and the neighborhood so much in need of their olden music, that there is serious intention of importing a fresh lot of the charming creatures from abroad.

Feline concerts are becoming universal favorites, and the discriminating kindness of the authorities, who drown so many dogs, yet religiously leave the cats alone, is fully appreciated by a grateful public.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ON SOME ENGLISH NOVELS.

"Muscular Christianity" is the neat and comprehensive term applied to the set of books, of which Dr. Arnold's "Tom Brown," the Rev. Charles Kingsley's recent productions, and others, which will naturally occur to the reader, are fair examples. Offspring, at least on one side, of the same intellectual parentage is another lot, of which I can think of no better nomenclature than Muscular Heathenism. While in Kingsley the hero strikes out from the left and is pious, in the authors of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," and, later and worse, of "Held in Bondage," he strikes both right and left, and is wicked, heathenish, devilish.

Weight and muscle are excellent things in their way. They give their owner that self-possession and *aplomb* that is half the battle of life. They are like good clothes, a sort of passport on sight to men's respect. "A man," says Emerson, "already strong, is listened to, and everything he says is applauded." But we cannot permit these physical attributes to be worshipped in themselves, whether worn by saint or sinner. They will not paint the lily of virtue, nor make into a silk purse the sow's ear of vice. It is high time for some little David to appear on the scene, and bring down this great Goliah of the modern British novel

'Twere a pity McArone would not take him in hand, in one of those irresistible parodies that have pricked the bubble of certain recent American fictions. For if people of fair intellectual capacity rejoice in such characters as Kingsley's Amyas Leigh and Tom Thurnall, it is not to be wondered at that weaker minds are dazzled by the glamour of Guy Livingstone

and Granville De Vigne. No man is so contemptible in the eyes of woman as he who can't do, on occasion, a man's work. And if, in the novel, the muscular hero is constantly set off against a weaker vessel, we all know which will be the favorite with that major part of modern novel readers—our wayward sisters.

"Guy Livingstone," if I remember rightly, was about the first issue of the new school of Muscular Heathenism. It has been republished and extensively read in this country. It is smartly written, the author evidently having enjoyed a classical education, and improved his opportunities in the walks of "useless literature" besides. His ideas of honor are quite as fine as those of any good old Augustan heathen, while his morality would be considerably below that standard.

"Held in Bondage, or Granville De Vigne," by "Onida," whoever that may be, is the latest of its class, and therefore entitled to the lengthiest notice in the newspaper of to-day. It is simply "Guy Livingstone weakened." The book is not so clever and witty, the situations are not so good, the interest of the reader not so well sustained. Still, it has been republished here in two handsome volumes, and I hear it applauded by novel readers. Granville De Vigne, the hero, a sort of admirable Crichton, learned, cultivated, handsome, and of course muscular in the highest degree, falls in love with a showy woman, and discovers, at the signing of the register after the marriage ceremony, that his wife is the discarded mistress of his early days. She, it appears, had threatened vengeance on being abandoned, and takes it by proclaiming to the fashionable wedding company, while signing her real name, her low birth and previous shameful life. Years pass by, and De Vigne falls in love with another girl, and aware that he cannot make her his legal wife, offers to elope with her, to which she accedes; when, just at the last moment, a groom turns up who divulges his own marriage with the first woman prior to De Vigne's, and absolves him from further grief on that score. Of course the last love now runs smooth to the end. Meantime De Vigne's muscular friend, Sabretasche, bound by marital ties to a woman whom he has not lived with for years, and whom he believes both unfaithful and a virago, also gains the affections of a fair maid ready to follow him to the end of the world; but, luckily for the girl, by something nice in his moral perceptions, he takes no advantage of her, but abides in woe till the death of his wife releases his bonds. I barely indicate the skeleton of the story, which the practiced novel reader will readily fill up with the passion, anguish, and languish necessary. We are introduced in the course of the book—as in "Guy Livingstone"—to any number of fox-hunts and fighting-mills, metropolitan clubs and military messes, and move through an atmosphere of beer and smoke, brandy and soda, that makes one feel quite dissipated.

A word as to the muscularity. Guy Livingstone, after divers displays of Herculean strength through life, crushes a silver cup between his fingers on his death-bed. A sterling ware cup of inordinate thickness, of course, for are not these heroes all gentlemen? Pretty good for a sick man. We do not learn that Granville De Vigne exerted his strength to any extent on inanimate objects; but in the course of the book he jerks a groom up and sends him howling several feet, or rods, across a fence, besides cowhiding an earl and kicking him down stairs; while his friend Sabretasche picks a man up with his "iron left hand" (we wonder what his right could have been—sudden death, probably,) and drops him over the banisters. It is enough to make the ghost of Windship lift his marble tomb-stone.

Of course, people who use their muscles in the legitimate pursuit of a livelihood (except professional boxers), are immensely despised by our high-bred Samsons. No occasion is lost to sneer at tradespeople, or swear at grooms. The books are essentially aristocratic; the vices of the high-born are no vices, and the wrongs of inferiors are mere jokes. The sympathies of the reader in "Held in Bondage," are unhesitatingly drawn upon in favor of the unfortunate muscular hero; while for the wife, the girl once subdued and abandoned, there is no palliation whatever, no excuse for the mode or method of her revenge. She is coarse and vulgar, and has no rights that a muscular aristocrat is bound to respect. Compare this with that admirable novel of Mrs. Gaskell's on a similar theme—"Ruth"—and you see at once the superior nobility of the latter's standpoint. You see that Mrs. Gaskell's treatment is in harmony with all the better instincts of humanity, with all that is noble and precious in literature. Shakspeare's spotless Imogene could reach across the ages and take the hand of injured Ruth without taint or sully. For these great writers who retain the respect of succeeding generations, never print a bad moral. They paint the follies and vices of humanity, but never varnish them. They do not indulge in false sentimentality, such as abounds in the muscular heathens. You will not find in them such twisted moral reflections, as in the following passage where Alma, the maid, agrees to fly with De Vigne, the married man: "She loved and the world was far from her, she loved and her life lay in his. Fidelity is the marriage bond of God; the laws of man cannot command it, the laws of man are void without it. Would she not render it unto him even to her grave? Would she not be his wife in the sight of heaven? Suffering for him would be proudly borne; sacrifice to him would be gladly given. She would have followed him to the darkness of the tomb; she would have passed with him through the furnace of the fires content, always content, so that her hands closed on his, so that she had strength to look up to his face.

This is sin, say you? Verily, if it be so, it is the sublimest sin that ever outshone virtue. Adultery the "sublimest sin that ever outshone virtue," forsooth! Let us canonize Messalina at once. Now, for a good, coarse, filthy writer like Rabelais, or a simply imbreeched one like old Montaigne, one can have some regard, as probably writing in their books pretty much what men were in the habit of talking in their day; but with these chaps, who prate about the furnace of the fires, or the fires of the furnace of illegitimate passion in this sentimental style, I have no patience. I can only wonder and regret that they find admirers. I pity the feebleness of intellect that must characterise the novel readers of the day, who can be imposed upon by a tissue of rattle-brained camp and college gossip, garnished here and there with hackneyed classical allusions, bolstered up by impossible muscular feats, and smeared with occasional fillips of the worldly philosophy of a parcel of conceited boys. That is, after all, the distinguishing feature of the muscular heathen school—its unripeness, veal-i-ness, so to put it. Wicked and wide-awake as it is, it has no broad views of life or art. Any young fellow of your acquaintance, with a pocket full of money and a few years' fast post-collegiate experience, will discourse you just so of men, women and manners. You can't help enjoying the boy's talk, there's such a dash, such an *élan* about it, but you find yourself thinking all the while, "how young he is."

Muscular heathenism in literature, in short, is but a phase of the materialism of modern English life. Ruskin may write reams against its influence (though his last utterance, reprinted recently in the SATURDAY PRESS, threatens a cessation from sheer despair), but so long as such books as these I have alluded to are read and admired, it is evidence that the people still cling to their false gods. Thackeray is gone, and Hawthorne is gone, and Dickens will soon be gone too, and their mantles fall as yet on no one to sustain the line of honest English fiction.

ROBINSON.

(For the Saturday Press.)

CAMP-MEETING TALK.

In August, I went to a camp-meeting. It was on Sunday; I was piously disposed; and Lillian said she was to be there. I threaded the throng, felt my way through the dust—and entered the arena. It reminded me of a menagerie. When the brothers commenced to hand round the hat, "after preachin", the resemblance to a menagerie was perfect.

Preaching had not begun when I got there, but promenading and private concerting were in order. I heard some of the latter:—the choruses were effective, but the solo-parts were not well executed, so I turned away, and gave my attention to the promenade. I "leant my back unto an aik", as the Scotch fellow did in the ballad, and, as it neither bent nor broke, I was able to observe the circling throng with some minuteness. The following is a synopsis of the remarks made by the various couples, caught and recorded as they passed by me. The report is as accurate as if it was made for a Military Commission. It may be depended upon, as the speakers have not called upon me to revise their remarks.

"Yes, indeed," (two girls talking, of course) "and my brother Tom says that Henry Soker brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth; and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by, and I'm sure I should die if people was to talk of me as they do about her, for——"

"Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make three hundred barrels if I make a peck, and consequently——"

"It will be impossible for me to pay it now, having so many demands upon me; but I heard from my agent last week, and he says——"

"What a spectacle ah this is, to be suah, Chaals! Ah wondah ah if these people—— demned pooty gahl, ain't she, but howwidly

dwessed——build theyah own tents owa hiwah men to ah do it fowah 'em? Must be a gweat boah to——"

"Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it, but you must n't mention it for the world! It is a great secret."

"Really now! And she's as ugly as——"

"The finest sow you ever saw, sir. Pure Chester, and she's got nine splendid pigs. And it's the best trade I ever made. I wouldn't take thirty dollars for——"

"That waterfall! Only look, Amy! Did you ever see any thing like it! Oh, but wouldn't I hate to——"

"Go to the pic-nic on Thursday?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Smith. You *don't know* how I would *love* to be present. I am so fond of dancing and company——but father says——"

"I am truly gratified, my young friend, to find that you are so deeply impressed with the necessity for an immediate repentance, and I hope you will procure——"

"Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and ever so much real lace, and oh, Emily, she'll have——"

"The finest baby you ever saw——blue eyes and brown hair, and only six weeks old, and weighs——"

"Sixty-one pounds and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from cockrel and garlic, and not a symptom of smut. I hold it at——"

"Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob Bothsydes, our Congressman, is going to speak, and he says——"

"Ah, Mr. Pepper, you flatter me so! Just see how horridly Kate Wilmot is dressed. She *will* wear yellow, though it makes her look like——"

"Fever an' agy, I b'lieve. They've all been laid up with it, an' now the poor man's got——"

"The *sweetest* bonnet I ever *did* see! Where *did* you get it? I must recommend mamma to your——"

"Watermillion patch. Stole every dam one. Some of 'em ony 'bout half ripe. I swow I'll some of 'em if they don't——"

"Go to the Water-Cure. It's the best thing for your case, ma'am. I've seen some wonderful effects from it, indeed. Mr. Thomas Holocaust was cured of——"

"Twenty-five pounds of butter a week; and always gets sixty cents a pound, and sometimes even——"

"Four eggs, two handsful of flour, a dab of yeast, half a cup of molasses, with a spoonful of lard, and it makes——"

"The best manure I ever used, sir, vastly superior to guano or super-phosphate. A light application of two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me——"

"The handsomest woman on the ground. Her equal is not here, unless it is Mary Blane, and she's got——"

"The spavin in both hind legs. And there's a speck in her right eye that's bound to——"

"That beautiful girl in black there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at——"

"Mr. Muggin's failure, sir. And he has taken to drink, awfully, and only last week had——"

"His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger——"

"Between the 10th and 15th of September. I will send my wheat to market and it will bring——"

"His gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh indeed it is awful to think how——"

"Close she hangs on his arm! She ought to be ashamed of herself, and never saw him until——"

"William was born last April twenty-five years ago. I am an old woman now, and my wrinkles make——"

"Heeled gaiters so becoming to——"

"The brindled steer with his——"

"Legs hung a dangling over the back of the chair, and——"

"A brace of pheasants, roosting under——"

"A promissory note; but he won't pay until——"

"You parboil it, and then stew it in the juice of——"

"An old hymn book with——"

"A cupola on top and the front door made of——"

"The finest bed of celery you ever saw, and——"

"She sleeps there every night, though I tell her she'll catch——"

"The nigger-question——"

——Toot! toot! toot!——It was the horn for preaching, and I saw Lillian in the distance. So good-bye.

Yours faithfully,

MARK TAPLEY.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

WRITING FOR PERIODICALS.

It is curious that, although periodical literature is almost the daily bread of millions, the popular mind should still be so ignorant of many of the particulars of its production.

In the first place, it is supposed to be the simplest thing in the world. The writers, the editors, and the publishers, have no more trouble in sending it out, than the subscriber has in taking it in from the postman. It is the spontaneous growth of progressing time. It comes as regularly and naturally as Saturday and Sunday. Like the ceaseless rivers, the beds are there, and the water has nothing to do but to flow. As certainly as sunrise is the consequence of sunset; as surely as the old worn-out moon is followed by a bright brand-new one; so surely is to-day's, this week's, this month's number succeeded by to-morrow's, next week's, next month's; while the Quarterlies come out in their variously tinted covers as inevitably as summer pushes spring overboard, and winter treads on autumn's heels. If you wish to realise how quickly time flies, put your name to a bill, or look at the periodicals accumulated on your book-shelves.

The same thoughtless feeling, or the same ignorance, exists on the other side of the Channel, as in England. Hard-working French citizens have little sympathy with the labors of artists and literary men—whom they consider as an *idle* race. The idea, of course, is based on a misconception. With many folks, head-work does not pass for work, but merely for amusement. Turning a wheel, carrying a load, that indeed is really work. But to sit down in front of a quire of paper, and to write on it "all that comes into your head," is just the pastime of a person with nothing to do. It is equivalent to cards, backgammon, and amatory epistolary correspondence. George Stephenson going to bed in broad daylight, to solve in his head complicated engineering problems, and Rossini dashing off his operas in a similar recumbent position, would be alike included in the category of sluggards taking their ease in the Castle of Indolence. There are people who cannot understand that writing should be paid for; on the contrary, they think the writer should pay for the pleasure of seeing himself in print. The legends respecting Scribe, for instance, the great French dramatic author, received by the small Parisian bourgeoisie, would be amusing to collect and put on record. In the first place, many believed that he caused to be performed, in his own proper name, all the dramatic manuscripts that were left at his door. As to the handsome fortune he acquired, some persist in attributing its origin to gambling at the Bourse, or to speculations in land. "It is not by playwriting," observed a respectable shopkeeper, "that a man can earn three or four million francs; *for if he could, everybody else would do the same.*"

But if people who earn their bread, or increase their income, by literature and its sister arts, do not work, at least they suffer from the effects of work, as is proved in Tissot's excellent essay, *De la Santé des Gens de Lettres*. For he holds that the arrangement of a picture, or the composition of a grand piece of music, requires as strong a mental effort as the pursuit of the most abstract studies.

Their diseases, he says, have two principal causes: assiduous labor of the mind, and continual repose of the body. He quotes our English Adventurer, to the effect that "the multitude, who live by bodily labor, imagine that study does not fatigue. They are under a mistake. Thinking is work which fatigues no less than the artisan's or the laborer's toil, without having its advantages. The latter gives health, strength, cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a good appetite; whereas a studious and sedentary life produces exactly the contrary effects."

While thought goes on, the brain is in action. But every bodily organ, set in action, tires at last; and if the action be too long continued, its functions become deranged. When the mind, by protracted intellectual exercise, has impressed too energetic an action upon the brain, it is no longer mistress of its movements, and loses the power of stopping it. The persons who are the soonest put out of health by mental exertion, are those who are incessantly occupied with one single subject; only one portion of the sensorium is strained, and *that* is always in a state of tension. Over-exertion of the brain, moreover, causes a determination of blood to the head. I refrain from frightening the reader with a list of the diseases which are the result of leading a sedentary life. Over-activity of mind, combined with inactivity of body, is the cause of not a small proportion of the evils which learned, literary, and artistic flesh are heirs to.

"It is picking up money in the street," remarked a person who was present when I received a cheque for contributions to a periodical.

"Is it?" I said; "then try to pick up a little yourself in the same way."

"I haven't the time. I have other things to attend to. It is not in my line. You have got into the way of it. You are on the editor's or the publisher's good books," and so on, are the usual rejoinders to the above reply; and a slight disillusion is frequently felt when the aspirant, hitherto a reader, thinks of writing. The manuscripts that have been shown for my opinion! Luckily, not multitudinous in number, but wonderful in quality. With neither head, tail, nor middle. Editors see more of those curiosities in a month than any isolated literary man can in a year. In vol. VII. of Household Words, page 145, is an article headed "H. W.," describing some of the machinery by which that journal was produced, and also a few of its correspondents' eccentricities. No doubt, in the dozen years which have since elapsed, such a stratum of oddities and absurdities must have been showered upon the conductors, that, if allowed to remain in situ, it would be thick enough to bury them out of sight.

When I have ventured to observe to intending contributors, "It is not usual to send in articles written in old copy-books between the round-text, nor on both sides of the paper, nor with all those manifest blunders, nor marked with blots, grease-spots, and the circular bottoms of pewter pint-pots——"

"It was a coffee-cup did that."

"Well, a coffee-cup. I don't say it wasn't. But suppose you first carefully look your paper through, correct every fault you discover, remedy the tautology and the mistakes in spelling, and then copy it out fairly and neatly, writing on one side of the paper only,—I will look at it again, and see how it promises."

A not uncommon answer is, that that sort of thing is a great deal too much trouble. It would seem that it really is intended to pick up money in the streets—for essayists of this class mostly expect to be handsomely paid. Voltaire might well call correcting other people's manuscripts "washing dirty linen."

This journal once returned to me an article in type, with the suggestion that, as it touched on *two* topics, it would be improved by being cut in two, and giving each portion a more developed treatment, so converting it into a couple of distinct and homogeneous treatises.

"Do they take so much pains with articles as that?" exclaimed a friend of some attainments, to whom I showed the slips.

"You see they do."

An article may be likened to a drawing. It may be either a mere sketch, or a finished picture. All the better if it can combine the accuracy of the photograph with the spirit of the study from nature; but the delineation of something must be there. The subject is the plain canvas on which the artist traces the outlines of his conception. The work grows. He brings out certain important features, while he throws others into the shade, or, perhaps, on second thoughts, suppresses them utterly! He avoids false perspective and inharmonious coloring. He puts everything in its proper place, and displays it in its proper light. When he is satisfied that it represents what he means, he passes over the whole the varnish of correct and polished style; and then it goes to the exhibition, to be rejected by the hanging committee, or to throw the pictures beside it into the shade. This simile is chiefly applicable to narrative or descriptive papers.

We shall not be much further from the truth in comparing the writing of an argumentative or logical paper, to the construction of a machine intended to perform some work. When the whole is put together, we try it privately, find out where it hitches, lengthen this lever, tighten that screw, add a wheel here, extract a cog there, until we fully grind out our desired conclusion. With a little oil or antifriction grease, the machinery is then fit for public service.

After a literary aspirant has taken every pains, and done all in his power to ensure success, let him not be discouraged by a first rebuff. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* He may find favor a *second* time; and so the second or third attempt may be *his premier pas.* Industry and perseverance have an effectual influence in literature, as well as in every other career of life. Most periodicals have their special character, which may render some given article (quite meritorious in itself) perfectly unsuitable for their acceptance. The first paper I sent to this journal was declined; the second published. With the exception of the Quarterly Review (with which topics were agreed upon before they were undertaken), I have not, I think, written for any journal which has not published something which some other journal had declined. One editor's poison may be another editor's meat. Two journals have, on second thoughts, published papers which they had themselves declined.

Then, again, there is a question of room. A certain number of pages, of a given type, can contain only a given quantity of matter. You cannot put a bushel of wheat, however first-rate in quality, into a peck measure. The superabundant quantity must remain outside. It can wait, you say, till the next measuring occurs; but how will you like the indefinite delay? And if the supply continue, what is to be done? Moreover, an editor must seize passing events by the forelock. An article, well-timed to-day, may have lost all its interest this day month. And thus a discussion of present occurrences may push aside a really superior essay possessing merely pure literary merits.

It is impossible to quite lose sight of the mercantile aspects of literature—of periodical literature especially. It must either pay, or must cease to exist. It is art; and its object is to instruct and elevate: but its agents and instruments must live. Even if a volunteer army of amateur contributors were forthcoming, paper-makers, printers and publishers cannot afford to amuse and enlighten the nation gratis. The periodical must sell; that is, it must contain taking and attractive matter which the reading public will gladly purchase for copper or silver coin of the realm.

There is a class of beings of whose existence certain literary candidates do not seem to be aware. Still they are men of like feelings with ourselves, similarly constituted in all their limbs and organs. They have eyes like ours, only somewhat sharper, and fingers like ours, only quicker and nimbler. They have heads that can ache, when overworked, and tempers that can fret, when overtried. I mean compositors and printers' readers. A writer should surely have some thought of *them;* for it is solely through their mechanical agency that his lucubrations are given to the world. A writer, sitting at an open window in the country, may be indifferent as to the quality of his ink; knowing what he has written, *he* can read it, be it of the palest gray. But remembering that it has to be put in type by persons working in smoke-darkened cities, or often by gaslight, he will surely save all unnecessary strain of their eyesight, by employing no liquid that is not decidedly legibly black.

Of handwriting, it is more difficult to speak; it is a matter, often, of inveterate habit. Its defects are less easily corrected, being intimately connected with the penman's individuality.

Not a few eminent literary men have been eminently illegible penmen. Still, in practice, the inconvenience is less than might at first sight appear. The scrawls thrown off by hard-pressed journalists or editors fall into the hands of persons who are in the habit of deciphering them. Some editors do not pronounce their final judgment on the communications of well-known and tried contributors until they have perused them in type. It shows, however, the great importance of sending in a first essay in perfectly legible handwriting, even if it be necessary to employ a copyist. In the long run, the poor compositors are the greatest sufferers from illegibility. One great author was their notorious tormentor. What with the blurs, blots, and pothooks in his manuscript, and what with his interminable alterations, corrections, transpositions, and interpolations in the proof itself, the Paris printers stipulated not to have more than so many hours per day of Balzac.

And if the contributor feels bound to remember the compositor when he sends in his copy, what consideration ought he not to show in his dealings with the editor—with the man at the helm of a popular periodical?

The contributor may take his ease. He may wait for the fit of inspiration, or the whim of the moment, before putting pen to paper. If he send in *no* article that week, or that month, he puts no great interest of his own in jeopardy. If he be idle, he misses earning a few guineas—of which he is well aware, and takes the consequences—and that is all. Unless he write leaders for the Times, or do other pressing, promptly-to-be-executed work, he need not even reside in town—unless he like it best. He may pitch his tent in pleasant places, on the brow of a cliff, or on the verge of a forest; in summer, aloft amidst the hills; in winter, below in sunny nooks. Even when close kept "on" a journal, he frequently gets a good annual holiday run or two. There are missions which may be pleasant as well as profitable. The editor, on the contrary, who has often not only the responsibility of, but often a heavy stake in his publication, is tied by a tether of very definite shortness. When London is empty, and respectable people are ashamed to be seen remaining in it, cabmen and editors cannot quit. September shines no holiday for them. The forthcoming number has to be made up, and subsequent numbers to be projected, provided for, and prepared. There are never-ceasing acceptances to be made, decisions arrived at, and refusals conveyed. And the correspondence? Have you any idea of an editor's correspondence?

Periodical writers will occasionally have to handle topics with which they are little famil-

iar, exactly as barristers are liable to be called on to plead in causes of whose technical details they are completely ignorant. But some people hold that a person of education and literary habits ought to be able (with time and preparation) to speak and write on *any* subject. A writer, like a barrister, may take the trouble to get up his subject, "cramming" for it, in examination phrase, making himself acquainted with all the minutiæ of the matter in dispute, before addressing the court or the public. Each individual advocate may have his own particular method of working out the task before him. Not a bad plan is, first to get together all available evidence and information—bushels of books, packets of documents, plans, maps, drawings—not neglecting personal visits, inspection, and inquiry, should such be needed—and then mentally to digest the whole, applying to the work such common sense and acuteness as one happens to be gifted with. It will often happen that a fresh mind, exercising itself upon questions which, to it, are unfamiliar and unhackneyed, will see things from a clearer point of view than persons of older experience, to whom they are a matter of daily routine. And the result is, that several clever improvements in machinery have been made by lawyers, who never would have dreamt of such inventions had not the details been brought before them in the course of their professional duties.

In this branch of literature, it is quite a mistake to go to work on the "exhaustive" principle. In article-writing, as in extempore preaching, the great difficulty is to know when to stop. "How, with such a theme in hand, can you possibly limit yourself to four or five pages? You might write five hundred, and not have done with it," is a question I have frequently heard. But Voltaire exclaimed, "Woe be to the man who says about a subject all that *can* be said!" With printed discourse, as with personal companionship, it is better that your friend should regret the shortness of your visit than that he should yawn at its lengthiness.

Some few anxious candidates for the honors of type would gladly offer their manuscript gratis, so that it could but appear. They would, however, be no great gainers by yielding to the temptation of making that offer. Now that authorship has become a distinct and recognized profession, experienced editors find that contributions offered for nothing are worth no more than the value set upon them. A little consideration will make it clear that it is more to their interest to pay adequately for a well-written paper, than to publish a poor one without payment. It is upon the broadest basis of public favor, esteem, and respect, that a permanent prosperity can alone be founded; and those objects can only be attained by paying well the most capable writers whose abilities lie within the range or that particular periodical's scope. It may even be laid down as a general rule, that authors who may happen to be wealthy ought not to make a practice of writing for nothing; because, by so doing, they would tend to take the bread out of the mouths of their professional brethren. They may do so occasionally—to oblige a dear friend, to perform an act of charity, or to return an obligation; which, in fact, is not writing for nothing.

(*From the New York Tribune.*)

COOKERY.

Intermittently and mortifying to the flesh, do most American urban households observe the season Ramadan—period of fasting—not as purification, but penance.

For the Kelts, who adorn our kitchens, and kindly tolerate us in our humbler spheres above stairs, are like poppies spread, or like the rainbow warm, or like the borealis race, or like the snow-fall on the river, or like any other fleeting good which Mr. Burns forgets to mention, or the metre refused to admit.

In anti-war days the nomadic nature of cooks was the theme of jeremiads among housekeepers. But now we have fallen on evil times indeed. Those somethings, between a hindrance and a help, repeat the history of Gilpin's hat and wig, and we loose them sooner than before. For why? They are too big; which being Cowper, cannot be slang. When Mrs. Shoddy offers sixteen dollars a month, with two afternoons out, and the aid of a scullery girl, how shall Madame Cook stay with Mrs. Nicely, who pays but twelve—whose modest establishment comprises two servants, all told, and whose "privileges" are only Thursday afternoons, and every other Sunday?

The world laments bitterly, but ignorantly. We being a philosopher, and observing the evil of what Miss Nipper designates as "temporaries," detect the cause and know the cure. But we shall not tell it here, because we will not anticipate our great lecture, "From Chaos to Chemistry, a Claim of the Kitchen." (Terms, $50. Address THE TRIBUNE.) Our business is with the actual.

The fugacious cook having disappeared, Angelina, who plays the Adelaïda divinely, and translates *Les Miserables*, running as she reads, makes three frantic, and utterly futile attempts to get dinner. Edwin, returning hungry at night, finds his charmer weeping among her spoiled dishes, a new Marius above a culinary Carthage. He remembers shudderingly that the too sensitive Vatel, cook of the great Condè, killed himself because a dish was delayed. "Turn Angelina, ever dear!" he cries. But she can only beseech him to take his meals out, till the new cook comes, while *she* does "somehow."

To-morrow stalks in the new sovereign. *Incessu patet dea.* Famine gives place to plenty, and the world is no longer hollow. But, in a brief fortnight, cook is three times found drunk under the cellar stairs. Ignominous expulsion follows, and desolation again pervades the kitchen.

So cooking becomes the bane of modern life, and the graceful and social service of the table is a many-headed monster, devouring the time, the hopes, the courage, the strength of our fair young wives, who give a hundred-fold too much to appease it, and yet, giving ignorantly, give nothing.

Our Concord sage laments the difficulty of making the stomach a gentleman. But is he not? "Look," he says, "with what patient and fine skill I issue supplies to my great household. The clear brain, which measures and weighs the atoms of the universe; the slender, electric fingers that ravish their deep secrets from the ivory keys, and diffuse them in musical flame; the flashing feet, the lithe limbs that utter the inarticulate passion and sadness, and made gayety of the music; the elastic suppleness of the athlete, the splendid strength of the pugilist—*I* feed them—*I* keep them at their best, if you will but treat me with respect. I ask but a little carbon, a little hydrogen, a little nitrogen, much oxygen, and I remain, in the hope of a useful future, your very obedient, humble servant," concludes the stomach, after the manner of Wilkins Micawber.

There, then, is the reason and excuse of cooking. Dinner must be well devised and well prepared, or Emerson, and Gottschalk, and Mademoiselle Pepita, and Tom Sayers cease to be.

The American savages devoured half-cooked game and lumps of boiled dough of the consistency of a cannon ball, and their race disappeared before men who ate yeast bread and roast beef. The Greeks could serve a pig, roasted on one side, boiled on the other, and stuffed with spiced thrushes and ortolans, and Greece went down before the sturdy Slavi.

But surely between Aristoxenes, patrician and poetaster, wasting the rolling months in vain endeavors to cure hams which should be called Aristoxenians, and Angelino dissolved in tears because she cannot cook a steak, there is a golden mean of effort. And between the shining banquets of that elder Athenian day, when music, and sculpture, and painting, and dancing crowned the feast with all voluptuous and sensuous delight, and the bare table usage of the many moderns who hold the preparation and setting forth of meals to be a miserable bondage to the flesh, there is a happy medium of elegance which might woo poets and philosophers again to sing their gayest fancies, to utter their wisest aphorisms at the board where Aspasia, in hoops and flounces, dispenses tea, instead of flashing wine, and Sappho, kindled by the warmth and light; and quick electric atmosphere, inaudibly murmurs to herself the passionate song which will break on half a million ears in the next coming of the Atlantic.

If Rome had ever the charming secret, she lost it; and if Athens was finical and luxurious, the Seven-Hilled City grew gluttonous and sensual. Remember, Edwin, when you become unpleasant over the grocer's book and the butcher's bill—as is the nature of husbands in the third year after marriage, and thereafter, till the Last Great Account divorces them from all lesser ones—that there have been worse gastronomical blunders and extravagances. The kitchen expenditures of Vitellius, for instance, amounted in four months to the appreciable sum of twenty-five millions; and to prove the superiority of man over the brutes that perish, he composed a dish which cost him forty thousand dollars. It was largely compounded of nightingale's tongues. Whether, when the pie was opened, they all began to sing, isn't this a shameful dish to set before a king, history neglects to tell. Domitian, who, among other amiable eccentricities, used to cut off the head of any one having the shamelessness to disagree with him, as a thorough and satisfactory method of closing the argument, once summoned his Senators, at dead of night, to advise him as to the cooking of a turbot untimely arrived from Ischia. Congress and our Military Commissions would seem to have studied the precedent. Geta had twenty-six courses in his suppers, to make

memorable the alphabet, and prove his devotion to the advancement of letters. Heliogabalus supped on the brains of six hundred thrushes; but he needed compensation for the sin of his sponsors in baptism. He supported the fatigues of dining by reclining on couches covered with cloth of gold, beneath scented lamps, in an atmosphere softened by the plashing of perfumed fountains.

The culinary utensils of these ascetics were of bronze, richly plaited with silver. The saucepans of painted porcelain, and of silver. The kitchen floors were of costly marble, and the walls of rare woods, covered with pictures. The Empire fell into a mad worship of the palate, and the misused stomach saw all the members at war with it and each other. The consequence was, that Alaric, the Visigoth, ran down from the north one summer morning, and put Rome and all the Romans in his pocket.

After this, refined cookery suffered undeserved obloquy, and, with other persecuted fugitives, found the right of sanctuary only in the monasteries. Five centuries later, Italy sought out her neglected art, and enthroned it fitly in Milan, Genoa and Florence, whence, in the splendid train of Catherine de Medici, it reached France, its shrine, its altar, and its home.

Columbus, brave of heart and tireless of purpose, opened a higher existence to cookery, and enriched it with materials. The East Indies brought "nutmeg and cinnamon, spices and cloves," with the result which the nursery rhyme still further discloses. The Crusaders, besides the hard knocks and doubtful morals which they brought back from their pilgrimage, bore also a knowledge of Oriental luxury, which they proceeded to naturalize. In the reign of Elizabeth the kitchens of the nobility were as lavish, if not as fine, as their Roman predecessors. The cooks were classical scholars, and queer mythological horrors perched on the board. The cook of Cardinal Wolsey "went daily in velvet, or in sattin, with a chaine of gould."

The sad-faced Puritan, rejecting every fashion of the reckless cavalier, disdained his dainty dishes wherein the devil was supposed to lurk, seeking an entrance into the ungodly. Bountiful New England, however, poured into the barns of his descendants such store of vegetable wealth, that the very instinct of economy pervading the breasts of the thrifty wives, made them cooks. Still the munificence of the teeming soil, the abundance of meats, made them careless of saving and unfruitful in expedients. Sarah, country-bred, rosy of cheek and stout of muscle, might hope to become a tidy housekeeper, and to understand the routine of common cookery. But the higher mysteries, the exquisite chemistry which the cooking-stove evolves, the meaning of nitrogen, carbon, and hydrogen, which being organized call themselves roast-beef, and bread, and water: the need of brain, and nerve, and muscle—nothing of this she knows. Housework is a dreary affair, to be plodded through as the penalty of Eve's transgression.

And, alas, for Angelina, what chance has *she* to learn that the great forces of the earth are at work to spread her table, and that all the elves and midgas, called gases and salts in the learned books, would spring to do her bidding if she but knew their serviceable zeal She had no time before marriage; she had no teacher after. So Edwin and she, who sailed so gaily out on matrimonial seas in their painted shallop, toss miserably for a year or two, and find safe, though dreary shelter, at last, in the anchorage of a boarding-house.

"They order these things better in France." Louis Fourteenth, establishing Versailles, and literary societies, and scientific bodies, and art associations, made fashionable the *petite cuisine* which yet flourishes in immortal youth. Louis Fifteenth, degenerate great grandson and heir, dropped from his enervate right hand all the heaped-up splendors of conquest which his martial ancestor had crowded therein, but held close in his left the refined art of cookery. And France, to-day, overcrowded, only able to feed her swarming people by the most careful thrift and the most ingenious devices, has the only theory and practice of that most comforting of systems which deserves to be studied and followed. John Bull is liberal, gigantic, and coarse in his method. Jonathan has the best intentions, the most generous appliances, and no method whatever. Jean, with the narrowest means, spreads a banquet for the gods.

An airy Sybarite, it is related, tasting the black broth of the Lacedemonians, no longer wondered at the reckless bravery of the Spartans, who, he inferred, went to death as to a banquet, to escape the savor of that witch's caldron. What memories of saleratus horrors and dietetic atrocities perpetuated in the name of coffee, may have goaded on our Western soldiers; what reminiscent strong butter maddened the brave volunteers of the Empire City; what past and possible sins of pie-crust and fried meats spurred the impetuous sons of New Hampshire and Connecticut, no company roll shall tell.

The west wind blew on our table the other day a bit of white cardboard bearing the strange device, "Cooking Academy, open on Monday, Oct. 2." We will go, we said at once. Domestic economy is a subject which has claimed our close attention. We wrote the admirable article in the NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, entitled "Quohangs, a substitute for Clams," which has been attributed to Agassiz.

We went for your sweet sake, dear Angelina. Be comforted. Star-eyed science has not wandered there to waft you home the message of despair. France gave us La Fayette and hoops; and to-day she offers an apostle of gastronomy. That the wise men of Gotham may no longer embark on the sea of housekeeping in a bowl, we shall illuminate their way with a drummond light of information, kindled by Monsieur Blôt, the moment we can obtain a column on which to set it.

CHESS AMONGST THE CELTS.

The ancient game of chess was a great favorite with the Celts in former times. The amusements, as indeed everything else connected with this ancient race, which once inhabited all these countries, have been almost completely hidden from modern notice. Mr. Tom Taylor's beautiful translations of the Breton Lays cannot fail to excite an interest in everything relating to the Celts. We purpose to collect some of the statements that we have met with at various times, and in different quarters, about Celtic chess.

There was a prince of Hy Many, a territory situated in the modern county of Galway, who was surnamed "the chess-player," no doubt from his being skilled in the game. In the same principality the officer who kept the chess-boards was the same that had charge of the gold and silver—in fact the treasurer.

In an old will of one of the kings of Ireland, Cathaeir, he is reported as leaving to one of his sons, "a man intelligent in chess-playing," who seems, by the way, to have been good for nothing else, only his chess-board and chess-furniture: which, it may be presumed, was an antique and elegant way of telling him to live by his wits, and thank God that he had them.

There is an old historic tale which gives us the following passage, quoted in the Introduction to the Book of Rights, one of the Celtic Society's publications, in which *fithcheal*, or chess is thus mentioned:—

"'What is thy name?' said Eochaidh. 'It is not illustrious,' said the other, 'Midir of Brigh Leith.' 'What brought thee hither?' said Eochaidh. 'To play *fithcheal* (chess) with thee,' replied he. 'Art thou good at *fithcheal*?' said Eochaidh. 'Let us have a proof of it,' said Midir. 'The Queen,' said Eochaidh, 'is asleep, and the house in which the *fithcheal* is belongs to her.' 'There is here,' said Midir, 'a no-worse *fithcheal*.' This was true indeed: it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and there was a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the *fithcheal* 'Play,' said Midir. 'I will not, except for a wager,' said Eochaidh. 'What wager shall we stake?' said Midir. 'I care not what,' said Eochaidh. 'I shall have for thee,' said Midir, 'fifty dark gray steeds, if thou winnest the game.'"

In the Book of Rights itself the game is several times mentioned. Chess-boards were a common present from the kings to their chiefs, and if they were like Midir's, of gold and silver, they formed a valuable part of the stipend paid by the king to his chiefs. Many such entries as the following occur in the Book of Rights:

> Entitled is the king of Ui Briuin of fame
> To five steeds and five mantels,
> Ten swords, ten crooked drinking horns,
> Ten bondmen, ten chessboards.

The same king, the King of Connaught, who gave the above present, gave also to another lord two, and to another ten chess-boards.

Amongst the directions for a banquet at Tara, the following must be noted:

> Wine is to be dealt out to them at Tara
> Until their spirits are increased; (sic)
> Variegated drinking horns with their peaks,
> Sets (of chessmen) with their chessboards.

A chess-man made of horn, elegantly carved into the form of a king sitting in a chair of state, was found some time ago in a bog in the county of Meath. This is, we believe, the only known relic of the ancient game of chess in Ireland.

A former, and real Irish insurrection obtained from the name of one of its leaders, the *soubriquet* of the "Rock" Rebellion. The contrast presented by the present "Fenian" *fiasco*, suggests to us as its appropriate title the Sham-rock Rebellion.

THE BEY STATE.—Tunis.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

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From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice is the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current literary news, belles lettres, the fine arts, etc, and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Apple of Life," by Owen Meredith. Pamphlet, pp. 35. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

The Metropolites, or, Know thy Neighbor A Novel by Robert St. Clar. 12mo. pp 575 New York American News Company.

Lady Audley's Secret, by M E. Braddon 12mo. pp. 331. New York, American News Company.

Artemus Ward—His Travels With comic illustrations by Mullen. 12mo. pp 231 New York, Carleton

The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. 12mo. pp. 337. Boston Roberts

Voices of Life. By Emily Pierpont Lesdernier. 12mo pp. 104. Paris. Printed by E Briere

Our Artist in Cuba Fifty Drawings on Wood. Leaves from the Sketch-book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1864-5. By Geo. W. Carleton pp 50 New York.

The Martyr's Monument. Being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, as exhibited in his Speeches, Messages, Orders, and Proclamations, from the Presidential canvass of 1860, until his Assassination April 14th, 1865. 12mo pp. 292. New York American News Company.

Dora Darling: The Daughter of the Regiment. 12mo. pp. 370. Boston, J. E. Tilton & Co.

Standish. A Story of Our Day Pamphlet. pp. 185. Boston, Loring, Publisher.

The editor having been away from his post nearly all the week begs the indulgence of the reader for the deficiencies and errors in this week's SATURDAY PRESS, of which he has not even had a chance to read the proofs.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

The Tunisian envoy is said to have had presented to him, among other things, during his stay in New York, eighteen sofa bedsteads, six pianos, ten sets of artificial teeth, five cases of Brandreth's pills, one Hoe's power-press, eight sewing-machines, six reaping machines, three washing machines, three steam engines, ten American eagles, thirteen coons, two "hen-persuaders," a complete file of the HERALD, photographs of all our remarkable men (some fifty or sixty thousand), three dozen rat-traps, two hogsheads maple sugar, seventeen wooden clocks, six dozen Raven's wing blacking, and soft soap enough to load a ship.

The HERALD is bringing up the old Heth humbug against Barnum: but all the great showman replies is that he paid his money and had his Joyce.

Some of the papers are publishing an account of "Thurlow Weed's first-earned Dollar." The public would be much more interested to know about his last earned dollar.

"Senex" writes us word that he has taken the SATURDAY PRESS for several weeks and "finds nothing in it." We are really sorry, but who can minister to a mind deceased?

THE WORST SORT OF A PANEL GAME.—The Jury Panel Game.

The new Fire Department is already called by the boys "The Play'd Fire Department"—play'd being the short, with them, for "play'd out."

A correspondent alluding to our having described a certain well-known gambler as a 'win-some youth," says that he wouldn't win quite so much if it wasn't for the "buck-some youths."

What aria does the young mouse sing to the old mouse while biting his way through the scenery at the Academy?

"Hear me gnaw, ma!"

[N. B. The perpetrator of this conundrum was removed, last night, to an Insane Asylum].

THE BEST GENERAL TO PUT DOWN THE FENIANS.—General Kilpatrick.

One of the serio-comico papers has a capital cartoon of the modern duel. A. challenges B. to mortal combat, and the terms are named: "Fifty miles by any railroad in the country; if you survive I am satisfied!" Apropos of railway travel, we call attention to the card of the TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn., the pioneer in its line, and thoroughly reliable, which issues policies of insurance against all kinds of accidents at a very moderate premium.

Miss Susanna Evans is delivering a lecture entitled the "Soldiers' Empty Sleeve" for the benefit of the soldiers' empty pocket.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

If you were a theatre or an opera-house instead of a newspaper, my dear PRESS, I should get some good-looking man in a dress-coat and white vest to go before the curtain and explain to your "patrons" that FIGARO having been suddenly seized with a fit of "indisposition" must beg to be excused from making his appearance until next week.

Doubtless the announcement would occasion bitter disappointment and lead to many uncomplimentary surmises as to the nature of my "indisposition," but who would care for that?

However, you are *not* a theatre or an opera-house, so I suppose I must go on and do my duty.

But why don't you keep a prompter in your office?

I need one, just at this moment, to remind me not only what I have seen, since my last, but what I thought of it.

Give me a little time to reflect.

Believe me, this is no affectation, for I have had so many things on my mind during the week—among others, solicitude for our dear friend GEORGE ARNOLD now seriously ill at Riverside—that it requires an effort to recall to my mind anything.

Ah! now it comes to me.

I have been present at just three performances—"Il Trovatore" at the Academy, "Miriam's Crime" at Wallack's, and Tom De Walden's tragedy of "Sam" at The Broadway.

"Tragedy," did I say?

I meant comedy.

I suppose I said tragedy because the thing made me laugh, as all modern tragedies do.

I should have said "comedy"—for so the author calls it—although, to my thinking, it is a drama.

Say a comic drama.

That gets it down to a spot.

If there were any songs in it, I should be more precise and call it a comic melo-drama; for a melo-drama is supposed to be a drama interspersed with songs.

But alas! there are no songs in "Sam," though there is a good deal of what the boys call "music" in it.

I take for granted you have seen the piece, because *I* have, and we generally go to the same places.

You will excuse me, therefore, for not speaking of it seriously.

I should as soon think of speaking seriously of "The Seven Sisters."

It is one of those curious emanations of dramatic genius (there's a compliment for you, Tom,) which defy analysis.

I doubt if Tom Taylor himself could have done better.

Would you like the plot of it?

Well, wait till I give it to you.

Wait also, till I give you a description of the fourteen characters: and then be a Charles Mackay and "wait a little longer" till I tell you what any of them say or do.

It will be rather a heavy wait, for I have no more idea on the subject than as if I had never seen the play.

All I remember is that everybody was vast-

ly amused, and that when the curtain dropped and we were all scrambling our way out of the house, I could find nobody who knew or cared any more what he had been seeing, and why he had laughed so much, than I did.

This is a very loose way of looking at things I know, Mr. Editor, but I have got in the way lately when I go to the theatre, of laying back and enjoying myself—leaving the work of analyzing, criticising, moralizing, and all that sort of thing, to my learned and pious friends of the TRIBUNE, the WORLD, etc., who do it *con amore*.

But to go back to "Sam;" for everybody goes back to it, though nobody can make anything of it.

Well, "Sam" is a piece, as nearly as I can make out, written up to Mr. Frank Chanfrau, Miss Olive Logan, Mr. C. T. Parsloe, Jr., my old friend Mrs. Hind, and the author: all of whom are very clever in it for the simple reason that De Walden happened to know all their strong points, including, strange to say, his own!

Miss Logan is not so much at ease in it as the others, because she is used to a higher range of play and has to let herself down too much.

She is extremely clever, however, and represents a rollicking, hoydenish, fast, and totally un-English English girl, about as well I should say as it could be done.

Chanfrau, on the other hand, is perfectly at home, and plays the part of Sam—a blonde modification of Dundreary—nearly as well as he used to play Mose.

As for young Parsloe—who is a queer mixture of the acrobat, the minstrel, and the comedian—his Dick Jenkins (Sam's valet, taken from a circus and brought up on "houpla!") is about as finished a piece of low-comedy acting, of the eccentric, extravagant sort, as I have seen.

The part written by the author for himself—Bill Crockett, a seedy and broken-down villain—is played so to the life that I am not sure I can renew my relations with De Walden till he brings me a certificate of character.

And to think that Tom was once a chaplain in the army!

But I am forgetting Mrs. Hind, who has one of her favorite parts in the play—that of a strong-minded, preachy woman, of the spiritual and phrenological cast—and does it so to the life that having once seen it you needn't go to Hope Chapel for a year.

If Mrs. Hind should reform some day, renounce her profession, and take to preaching against the theatres, she would be as fervent on the subject as Awful Gardner of the "Ring," or Awful Bennett of the HERALD.

The latter, by the way, since his recent conversion, denounces the theatres, the opera, and all worldly shows, in a manner worthy of Aminidab Sleek.

Just read the following extract from his discourse of yesterday:

> We see the demoralization caused by the low state of the Opera, the drama and the concert saloons showing itself everywhere. Is it not high time for the press, the pulpit, the religious societies, and all good men and women to rouse themselves and call these sinners to repentance? For the sake of society and of the city, for the sake of the rising generatio and of the whole country, we direct public attention to his subject. Let the reverend gentlemen who occupy our pulpits—from Mr. Henry Ward Beecher down, or up—discard politics, take their from the Bible instead of party platforms, and raise their eloquent voices against the social, theatrical and other evils which now afflict the people of this city. Let the religious and benevolent societies send forth their missionaries to the managers and directors of all haunts of vice and let them post and distribute their tracts as conspicuously as these men display their invitations to sin. Let all good, pious, respectable people discountenance entertainments that corrupt and enervate the mind and the morals, no matter at what theatres or under whose auspices they may be presented.

This and much more on one page of the HERALD while another is mainly occupied with the spicy and highly moral details of the "Harris Divorce case"!

Bennett, by the way, is getting to be chivalric as well as moral, and this week shows his daring by attacks on Miss Olive Logan and Mrs. John Wood.

I wonder he doesn't renew his attacks of last year on Miss Kellogg; but perhaps it wouldn't be quite prudent.

Prudence, after all, is a great thing; so if you must attack somebody, Mr. Bennett, go on attacking women.

It doesn't hurt them any—*au contraire*—and it serves to keep up the reputation of the HERALD. All the papers not in your pay will blame you of course; but what matters it so you have a clear conscience? Besides, since everybody you attack—especially every woman—is sure to profit by the operation, you can have the proud satisfaction of being not only a hero but a benefactor.

But to go on with my Feuilleton.

I said that I had been present at but three performances this week—"Il Trovatore" at the Academy, "Miriam's Crime" at Wallack's, and De Walden's "Sam" at the Broadway; and I might have added that three performances a week are about as much as I can stand even when I have a good seat—if you'll excuse the bull.

"But why not stop digressing, and write about the three?" you ask.

Insatiate editor, will not one suffice?

Besides, I had to get up at about four this morning to write even what I have about "Sam;" and to be made to get up at that hour, just because the printer wants to go to press a little earlier than usual for the sake of getting off a thousand or two extra copies of the paper (as if I cared about that) is no joke.

And then, as a second "besides," I have nothing to say about "Miriam's Crime," except that it is a crime to produce such a piece at Wallack's (though I was the first person to celebrate Holston's Biles, and could now say some very pretty things of Miss Henriques acting in the piece); while as for "Il Trovatore," the performance was so magnificent throughout that I couldn't think of writing about it unless I had three or four columns before me, and about as many hours.

It is said by those who were present that "I Puritani" was given in even grander style; while as for "Ernani," which was repeated on Wednesday, all accounts agree that no finer operatic representation has been given in New York for years.

Of "Martha," which was announced for last evening, I have not heard. Nor am I much interested in it; it is too Last-Rose-of-Summerish.

The opera of the season, for me, is "Ione," which I see is to be given for to-day's matinée.

After that, look out on Monday for "La Traviata," and in course of a week or so for the comic opera, "Crispino E La Comare," (The Cobbler and the Fairy.)

Next week, Mr. Editor—though I hate to make promises—I hope to give a more careful account not only of the opera but of the theatres.

I must at least find time to go to Niblo's, and see the Ravels again (by-the-way, they give one of their charming matinées to-day for the delectation of the young folks), and if Clarke will only give us something new at the Winter Garden, in place of the everlasting "American Cousin," I shall be there, not as a duty, but as a pleasure.

As for Wallack's, of course we must all go there to see "Still Waters Run Deep."

And then there's the Museum, which I haven't visited since it got into new quarters—there I *must* go, if only to see the new star, Oceana Judah, in "Mazeppa," and assist at the début of Miss Kathleen O'Neil, the new Irish cantatrice.

The present star of the Museum, Miss Sallie Partington, makes her last appearance today (afternoon and evening) in the equestrian drama, called "Wild Kate of the Wilderness."

And now, Mr. Editor, I must wind up with a piece of bad news.

Alfred Hanlon, the youngest of the Hanlon Brothers, has had another fall.

The accident took place in Buffalo, on the 4th inst., and is reported in one of the local papers thus:

> We regret to state that the intrepid Alfred Hanlon met with an accident at the Opera House last evening, while performing his great and thrilling feats on the ropes in mid air. He had accomplished all but the last act, viz.: to turn a somersault from the trapeze midway between the galleries to the descending rope, a distance of some fifteen or twenty feet. While swinging on the trapeze to get the necessary momentum for the accomplishment of his purpose, and when about to make the spring, his toe caught in a ring attached to a rope behind the trapeze, causing him to miss his hold on the descending rope, although he succeeded in reaching it, and he fell to the floor, a distance of at least twenty feet.
>
> The large audience that but a moment before was loud in its applause instantly became so quiet that you could almost hear the heavy breathing of the excited mass, but not a single scream was heard, although a large number of the fair sex were present. One of the brothers and another gentleman were standing at the foot of the descending rope when the accident occurred, and partly broke the fall, but he had to be taken up and carried behind the scenes. Several medical gentlemen were among the audience, and at once proceeded to render what assistance was in their power. In some two or three minutes the announcement was made that he was not seriously injured, and in less than ten minutes after the accident Alfred himself made his appearance on the stage, accompanied by a brother, and was at once received with a long and hearty burst of applause. The interruption was only of some ten or fifteen minutes duration, and the performance went on the same as if nothing had happened

There are rumors in town that the accident was more serious than would appear from the above account, but I hear, almost directly, that they are unfounded.

So the friends of the brave young fellow need not be alarmed.

We shall have him and his brothers with us in a few weeks, when they will be welcomed by the whole town, and by no one more cordially than

FIGARO.

P. S. An "American Cousin Matinée" will be given at the Winter Garden next Wednesday.

Mr. B. H. Ticknor, agent of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, will receive this week, at No. 823 Broadway, "Atalanta in Calydon, by Algernon Charles Swinburne"; and "The Gulistan or Rose Garden of Saadi, with introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson." They will also be received, at the same time, by Brentano.

(From the Calligraphist.)

"THE DECEITFUL FLORENTINE."

A BALLAD.

There was a fine young mariner who sailed upon the sea,
His ship it was a ship of war—a lieutenant was he;
He was a man of gallant mien, and not unknown to fame,
Of high Italian parentage, O'Reilly was his name.

This noble young Italian man made love to Anna Lee,
He said that he did worship her; and she did worship he;
But Anna Lee thought sailor men were said to fickle be,
And she cried: "O, noble Florentine, I ask a pledge of thee!"

Then spoke this noble Florentine: "My love is ever warm;
Take this 'ere button I have cut from off my uniform,
For why, it is the only one our noble President
And werry noble Commodore permits us to present."

With these deceitful words straightway he sailed across the sea,
And stopped awhile at Limerick (a town in Italy;)
And there forgetting of his vows, and of his former flame,
He married an Italian girl, O'Connelly by name.

When Anna Lee received the news, she gave a frightful start,
And said: "You naughty, naughty man, methinks you've broke my heart."
And then she took a pistol up, but for a ball of lead
Down deep into the deadly tube HIS BUTTON rammed instead.

She shot herself; and, maidens all, O listen unto me:
Don't trust too much in Florentines whose name is O'Reilly.
Don't trust to sailors, and if you would save your sinful souls,
Be careful when and how you make such awful button-holes!

NAUTILUS.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON A SYSTEM.

If there is a member of society more unpleasant than the man with a Grievance, it is the man with a System. In the former case, the matter, at least, is finished and done with of which complaint is made; the victim may bewail himself for ever—and there is every probability that he will do so—but, at all events, the occasion upon which he harps is past and gone. Moreover, it is a satisfaction to us that the man has suffered. While the egotistic wretch is reiterating his wrong, and imagining that we sympathize with him, we do experience some little comfort in the fact of his misfortune; it would certainly be more disagreeable if he was equally tedious in describing a personal success. Now, the man with a System has all the wearisome characteristics of this fellow, and he is triumphant besides. The unhappy listener is deprived of the slightest source of consolation. He disbelieves, it is true, three parts out of four of the gorgeous narrative unfolded to him; he is blind to the prospective prosperity which the Fanatic would fain persuade him must of necessity crown his scheme; but he cannot be so perfectly persuaded of the failure of the thing as to take comfort from that conviction, and bear with his social enemy patiently in the contemplation of the coming Nemesis. The man with the System, too, has a great deal of nervous energy about him, while he with the Grievance is (so far well) depressed and sometimes dolesome to that degree that his lamentations are inaudible.

There is nothing more invidious, and therefore abhorrent to persons of sluggish temperament, than the activity and usefulness of others; it is always tacitly suggesting to them an odious comparison. Mr. Harold Skimpole used to complain of the Bee as an insect of most obnoxious and obtrusive utility; but if it had never uttered a murmur, he would not have been one whit less antagonistic to it, for conscience herself has a voice (though some say it's a hum) more unceasing and less monotonous than had ever Bee. Mr. Hartley Coleridge was disturbed in his day-dreams by the intellectual activity of his neighbor, Miss Harriet Martineau, and was once even stung into epigram by the comparisons drawn by his friends between his ways and hers.

"*She!*" exclaimed he in indignant protest against being measured by such a standard; "why, *she's a monomaniac about everything.*"

Now, if H. C., a philosopher and poet, as was his father before him, was thus irritated by the intellectual vigor of a lady, though devoted to literary and political usefulness, quiet, ordinary folk may surely enter their protest against people of misdirected energies, like the man with a System. For my part, I abhor him. I don't in the least care what is his particular scheme. He may have discovered the only practical method for blowing up hostile armadas from under water, with neither pecuniary expense nor the slightest risk to human life, except to the enemy; he may have cultivated the dandelion to that pitch of perfection that its mere smell will cure scarlet fever; or he may have come to the conclusion that, by abolishing the Houses of Parliament and courts of justice, and substituting Convocation as the one governing body in matters temporal as well as spiritual, we shall at length succeed in securing prosperity at home and victory abroad. I should make haste, if I were so unfortunate as to meet with him, to agree with the projector of any or all of these designs. I believe that agreement, upon the whole, renders argument less exhaustive than dissent; and besides, to confess the truth, I should not dare to contradict him. I am naturally of weak nerves and pliant disposition. I have been enticed, before now, to try the homœopathic system; also the vegetarian. If Mr. Prince had caught me before his establishment had got "blown upon" in the public prints, he might have persuaded me to become an inmate of the Agapemone. I hope I should not have approved of the manner of life in vogue at that institution, but I make no doubt that I should have fallen in with it without much resistance. I should have played at hockey without animation, and certainly without devotion, but I should have stuck to it for the proper number of hours. If the late Sir Cornewall Lewis had had the advantage of my personal acquaintance, I should doubtless have furnished him with a very striking illustration of "the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion." I acknowledge that I seldom think for myself; nor is this now of any great consequence, since I am a married man, but at one time I was a prey to every benefactor of the human species. Jack Melldrake, indeed, my chum at college, and who afterwards "kept" on the same staircase in Lincoln's Inn, stood between me and the Designing oftentimes, and saved my constitution, which otherwise, I verily believe, must have succumbed to so many assailants; but without Jack, I was a reed to be played upon by every Fanatic.

I believe I even took the pledge during Jack's temporary absence on the continent, and injured the coats of my stomach with gingerade. Jack, however, soon convinced me that an extorted oath was not binding upon the conscience; and I began to live once more like a gentleman, when my system recovered its tone. Still, a man who dines out four days a week (and I never can resist an invitation, unless it's to an evening-party, when I am very firm) cannot expect to be always in good health, particularly at the end of a London Season. A slice of Jersey pear at dessert, or the dressing of the salad one takes with the Stilton cheese—the very least thing, in fact, is sufficient to complete the mischief which a thousand "courses" compressed into four months have begun. On Thursday, June 14th, at a dinner at Colonel de Livewell's, I felt a piece of iced pudding was doing mischief with me, and although I took a glass of Curaçoa, in the promptest manner, and repeated that remedy, the most serious consequences ensued. My natural protector having again gone to the continent for the long vacation, I was recommended to "diet" myself—which I thought I had been doing very well—to go into the country, to go to the sea, to go to Schlangenbad, to go to Bath, to go to Jericho, to live on the inside of dolls and milk ("porridge" they called it), to take sand-baths, to be Shampooed, to try a surgical operation, and to reconstruct my whole internal arrangements upon artificial principles, by means of pepsin. I became more or less a victim to all these various panaceas, which reduced me to the brink of the grave; and at last I tried the water-cure. Certain amphibious friends of mine protested that water would be the saving of me; and as usual, although without the slightest faith in the prediction, I gave in to their entreaties; I only hoped for an euthanasia; I had read that of all deaths that by drowning is the least unpleasant; and I went down to Malvern in expectation of a winding-sheet—wet.

It is not my intention to harrow the public mind by a description of my sufferings under water. The records of the Inquisition afford many parallel though inferior examples of the employment of water-power as a means of torture. We have all heard of the bald heretic upon whose head a drop of water was made to fall, *per* minute, until the scull was worn away, or the brain softened, and he recanted his opinions(I forget which); but what is that compared to being placed, naked, under a pipe three inches in diameter, down which comes a hogshead of water per minute, with a fall of thirty feet! That is called the deuce or douche, and the very douche it is, I can tell you. The expectation of it, as the victim stands with his hands on his knees, is sublime—from its excess of terror. The buoyancy of spirit which is experienced afterwards is also most remarkable, and arises, said the water-doctor, from the invigoration of the system and not (as I humbly believe) from the circumstance that the douche is over for that day. I did not, however, contradict the doc-

tor, you may be sure. A much stronger-minded man could not have ventured to do that. His patients were all as school-boys, and trembled at his nod. I had once read a book upon Malvern, which represented these oppressed individuals as broiling kidneys in the fastnesses of the adjacent hills, and eating them on the sly, while a sentinel kept watch over what one may well call "the gorge." I found this to be strictly true. I have seen captains and colonels look about them furtively before buying six-pennyworth of tarts at a pastrycook's in the town, and then betake themselves to solitary and almost inaccessible peaks to enjoy the forbidden food. The doctor had his spies in all directions, and in the most unsuspected forms. An artless-looking shepherd was the sole creature whom I encountered in a certain morning-walk upon the Malvern Himalaya, and yet when 1.30, the dinner-hour, came round, my medical preceptor had become aware of a peccadillo committed during that excursion. "You cannot expect, Mr. Blankton," said he severely, and in a voice that could be heard by every one of the two hundred patients assembled at that mid-day meal, "to benefit by my treatment, if you will not give up the abominable habit of smoking cigars." Then everybody looked at me, as though I had picked a pocket; and old Wiley—the judge—whom I had caught smoking myself more than once on the Ledbury Road—echoed: "You can't expect it, Mr. Blankton. It is not fair to our good doctor." The next afternoon I was put down for a lamp-bath. Conceive the horror of being stripped and placed upon a sort of gridiron chair with a lamp underneath it burning with a lively flame! A blanket drawn closely about you conceals the frightful results which must be taking place, but the imagination is all the more vivid upon that account, and disturbs the soul with greater fear. I had adjured the attendant not to leave me, and put questions to him from time to time, in order to mitigate the agony of my apprehension, and not *only* of my apprehension, let me tell you, for it was getting exceedingly hot.

"Is it camphine?" said I.

"Why, no, sir; camphine would make you most uncommon black"——

"I believe I *am* black," said I; "burned black; I feel overdone. For goodness' sake, where is the extinguisher?"

But I might as well have endeavored to melt the soul of Torquemada himself.

The intention of all these unhallowed proceedings is to produce what is technically called "a crisis"—a water-boil: pimples, rashes, eruptions, and what not, are all excellent things, and earnestly to be desired by the patient, but the thing he has come for is a water-boil. The conversation in the drawing-room was mainly confined to this interesting subject.

"Have you had a crisis, madam?"

"Alas! no, sir; I entertained hopes yesterday afternoon, but it was such a very little one at last, that I can scarcely say that I have been so favored. My mother has had three crises within the week."

The little book to which I have already referred treats of this subject at a length commensurate with its importance; but let it suffice to say that I was in daily expectation of a "crisis" of my own, and in the mean time felt decidedly better. If the water-cure does *not* make a man well indeed, its professors ought to be put to death to slow music; nothing but success can excuse a system of deprivation, torture, and early hours. I found myself so decidedly improved, after three months, that when Jack Melldrake returned from his tour, dyspeptic—for having lost a five-franc piece on his way out, at the tables at Baden-Baden, he had remained there for the purpose of getting it back again, instead of carrying out his original intention of mountaineering in Switzerland—I recommended his coming to Malvern, and getting cured. He jeered at this notion very considerably, but he came, nevertheless, with the avowed intention of rescuing me from the water-kelpies. Jack behaved, to all appearance, like a model patient, and was of course compelled to submit to much of the discipline of the establishment, which really benefitted him, but in secret he was worse than Mr. Justice Wiley. He carried a bottle of Harvey's Sauce in his pocket, to flavor the plain mutton; and I have known him slip into a hotel, by way of the stables, for a glass of India sherry or a tankard of Bass. The treacle which formed the chief staple of our tea and breakfast, he "took to" amazingly, although I do not think that he had been heretofore aware of the existence of such a condiment. For my own part, I confess that I could never get enough of this delicacy. I had an excellent appetite for the three meals *per diem* that were allotted to us, but I wanted a fourth also. We were sent to bed early, it is true, but not before the desire for supper had arisen powerfully within me. Sleep forsook my eyelids, and I used to lie within the damp sheets in a sort of semi-nightmare, imagining deviled kidneys, oysters, curried lobsters, and other tantalizing dainties, which I had known in the nights of my liberty. Not wishing to remind my friend of any unpleasantries of our condition, I had forborne to speak to him upon this subject for the first fortnight after his arrival; but when he evidently began to like the place, and submit himself to our strange ways of life with a tolerably good grace, I ventured to confide to him the nightly agonies I suffered from starvation.

"It would be an immense Improvement on the System," said I, "if they gave us supper. I could eat half a dozen slices of bread and treacle whenever I go to bed."

"There is always supper for those who like it," returned Jack cheerfully.

"Where, where?" said I. "My dear friend, where is it to be got?"

"Why, in the dining-room, of course," returned he. "I had some on the first evening of my arrival, when I tasted treacle for the first time. I slipped down at eleven o'clock, P. M., and found the tables laid out for anybody that chose to come. Nobody does come, however, except myself and old Wiley—to whom I communicated the welcome intelligence. The servants are not even kept up to wait. You help yourself, and then retire, in the most unceremonious and convenient manner. I have often wondered we did not see you. Do you join us, and we'll make a night of it this very evening. There's always treacle enough for fifty, and I fancy the bread is newer than it is in the morning."

At eleven P. M., therefore, I gladly arose from my couch, on which I had lain down, half-dressed, to read, and noiselessly descended the stairs. In spite of my friend's assurances, I could not help thinking that I was somehow transgressing the regulations, and therefore my movements were furtive and cautious in the extreme. In the dining-room were already seated Jack and the judge, with their mouths besmeared with their favorite dainty. "Come," said the former, "fall to. You are five minutes late. I hope you have left your Abdominal Compress upstairs."

The A. C. is a small sheet-packing, wetted, and always worn close to the skin (with an India rubber covering to it,) except at meal-times.

"O yes," said I, "you may be sure of that. I would not have a Compress on just now for a couple of five-pound notes."

I had cut myself an enormous hunch of household bread, and was turning the second dessert-spoonful of treacle into my plate, when I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

It was the dreadful doctor himself. The room swam before my eyes, but I could discern one thing very clearly—Mr. Justice Wiley and Jack had taken themselves off. They had deserted me. They had heard the coming footsteps, and fled while my attention was entirely taken up with anticipations of treacle. I felt confident that I was in the wrong; that I was doing something not only forbidden, but mean and gluttonous. This supper was somehow, I felt sure, not intended for my eating.

"Mr. Blankton," said the doctor, "I passed over your infringement of my rules in respect to the smoking of tobacco, but I cannot permit such insubordination as this. For several days it has been a complaint of my servants that somebody comes in here after we have all retired to rest, and eats to excess of the breakfast, which is laid out overnight, in order to save the time of the domestics. They have always to clear away more than one soiled plate, and to replace a loaf or two, and several pots of treacle. I perceive that you have already caused as much trouble as possible" [here he pointed to the fragments left by my two absent companions], "and regret to have to say that such conduct cannot be endured in this establishment. Eat what you please to-night, sir, but to-morrow we must part—we must indeed. An example of this sort would be sufficient to subvert all discipline. I wish you good-night, and, permit me to add, a better digestion than it is probable you will enjoy *after all that*." Once more he pointed to the relics of the feast upon the plates of my departed friends, and then stalked forth from the spacious chamber with an air of offended dignity only to be compared with that of Hamlet's deceased father.

The next morning I left for London without my "crisis"—expelled, as it were, from the Malvern Academy of Cold Water. I could not stoop to exculpate myself at the expense of Jack and the Judge, or explain how I had been mischievously misinformed with respect to that Improvement on the System—a late Supper.

It is considered a point of beauty among the ladies of Tunis to be fleshy. As a consequence they live well, and the greater number of them are large persons. They never appear in public without having their faces covered.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS.

To my thinking, the most interesting periods of human life are the two extremes—infancy and old age. There is nothing on earth so pure, so beautiful, so innocent, so kissable, as a bright-eyed, laughing, dimpled baby; nothing except a very old man, sans eyes, sans taste, sans teeth, sans everything but a good conscience and a sound heart.

I often wish that Shakspeare had not put that speech-picture of life into the mouth of Jacques. Jacques was a melancholy man, and took a melancholy view of things. If he had not been a misanthrope, a baby might have presented itself to his mind as chuckling and crowing in his nurse's arms, and not as muling and puking. In like manner, he might have drawn a pleasant picture of a green and happy old age, instead of insisting so much upon leanness and slippers and shrunken shanks. The seven ages, as Jacques depicts them, may be in accordance with a certain rule of life; but, for my part, I have met with many beautiful exceptions, and I love to dwell upon them. It has been my good fortune to know many old men, who, after the toil and strife of life, retained all the original innocence and simplicity of their earliest childhood. I have seen them—and I can see them now—sitting in their easy-chairs, their gums as innocent of teeth, and their heads as innocent of hair, as when they lay in their mothers' laps—sitting there biding the Lord's good time patiently and cheerfully, while sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters hovered about them, and patted them and smoothed their pillows, and spoke to them in those simple words which seem as well adapted to the old man as to the child. There is a purifying influence in old age which we all recognize. We may know that the old man has led a wicked life; but when old age comes upon him, wrinkling his brow, blanching his hair, and bowing him to the earth, it seems as if he had been redeemed and purified by Time. I can understand why the patriarchs prayed so frequently and so earnestly for length of days; prayed for life until the passions and the vanities of human nature should have passed over like a cloud, leaving the heart to beat its last throb on the peaceful shore of eternity. It always seems to me that at fourscore a man is neither in this world nor in the next, but that he is in a position between the two, and can look calmly upon both.

I wonder if I am right in my impression that very old men are mostly cheerful. I hope I am; for I love to think so. It is pleasant to believe that human nature can work out its own purification on earth and return to its original innocence, with only such sins on its head as it cannot help, and is not responsible for. Right or wrong, it is certain that this is the impression which most of us have of persons in extreme old age. We fondle them as we fondle children, we talk to them as we lead them about by the hand, as their parents talked to them when they were first learning to walk. They need help and care now just as they needed them then. There is grandfather sitting in his chair by the fire, seeing things dimly, hearing things vaguely, as he saw and heard from his mother's knee. And we sit by and talk of him as if he did not hear us and understand what we say. "Poor old grandfather," we say, looking towards him; "he is failing very much. He can't see to read now even with his specs, and that is a great deprivation to him. But he is cheerful for all that. Ain't you, grandfather dear?"

And the dear old baby knows by the sound of your voice and the look that you direct towards him that you are addressing him; and he endeavors to guess your meaning, and says something in reply, accompanying it with a pleasant chuckle, to signify that he is quite happy.

He drops his handkerchief or his spectacles, just as a baby drops its spoon or its ivory ring, and you go and pick them up and put them back into his old hand, patting him on his bald head, and making him comfortable in his chair. As he sits there mumbling, and gazing with his viewless eyes into the fire, you wonder if that feeble old man could ever have been the restless, fidgety, madcap schoolboy, the ardent lover sighing like furnace, the fierce soldier, bearded like the pard, full of strange oaths, seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth? Where be his pranks now, where his sighs, his big loud voice? All these things have passed away like a dream, and in old age he awakes again to infancy.

I think it must be pleasant to sit upon the last shore thus and wait for the boat, not impatient for, neither dreading its coming, pleasant to hear the plash of the oars and the distant song of the rowers as they come to bear you away to that golden land where youth is eternal. I should find it difficult to talk of old grandfathers otherwise than in this strain, for I have never known an old grandfather who, whatever his previous life, did not wear an aspect of innocence. Age is not altogether unkind. While it withers the beauty, it also expunges the traces of the evil passions. The film that comes over the eye is a veil to hide the glare of anger; the wrinkles that score the brow are strokes of Time's pen designed to obliterate the frown and the scowl that Passion has written there so boldly. I can recall many grandfathers who were a practical testimony to the soundness of the theory which I have just broached with regard to the purifying influence of age. I remember one, a little feeble, cheery, merry-hearted old fellow, who had been a terrible Turk in his young days. He had been passionate, imperious, violent, a constant source of trouble to his wife, and a terror to his children. When he became an old grandfather, he was transformed into the most docile creature imaginable. His own little grandchildren could rule him and make him do just as they liked.

"Do you remember, grandfather," one of them would say, "when you used to give it to your boys all round with the horsewhip?"

"No, no, my dear," he would answer, "I hope I never did that."

"Oh, but you did, grandfather, and grandmother says you used to get drunk and break the chimney ornaments."

"Oh, fie, fie, no, my dear," says the old man, "it couldn't have been me, it must have been somebody else."

And granny strikes in and affirms that he did the deed, completely smashing two china shepherdesses that had been in the family for a century. Which relation sends the old man into a fit of laughter so hearty and good humored that you cannot conceive he could ever have been capable of the violent conduct imputed to him. I dare say he can scarcely believe it himself now, when age has cast the devil out of him.

I remember another grandfather whose ninety-second birthday was celebrated not many years ago in the house of his granddaughter. He was a picture of aged innocence, gentle, patient, affectionate, and docile as a child. But he had been, as he himself confessed with a sigh, a "roarer" in his day—a sad dog among the women, sir; a six-bottle man, a beater of the watch, a night-brawler, a swaggerer, ever ready to eat fire and resent the slightest insult with lead or steel.

And there he was, on his ninety-second birthday, propped up at table, with a napkin tied round his neck. The swaggerer, who was so ready with sword and pistol, cannot now be trusted with a knife and fork. His food has been cut up for him, and he is eating it with a spoon. The six-bottle man is meekly drinking toast-and-water, weakly flavored with brandy, from a mug. He cannot grasp a tumbler now, and finds it convenient to have a drinking vessel with a handle. He who had been a sad dog among the women, sir, and ruined so many reputations, grows faint before the feast is over, and feebly calls to his granddaughter to come and support him. And there he lies, like a weak child, nestling his palsied head on her bosom—the gay Lothario!

I sometimes wonder what is meant by the commandment which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Does it mean that they who honor father and mother will live long? Can it be that those otherwise wicked persons, who live to be happy old grandfathers, attain length of days because in their youth they honored their fathers and mothers? It is pleasant to think so; pleasant to see how bread thus early cast upon the waters comes back, after many days, to the generous hand which originally bestowed it. How seldom do we meet on the highway of life with a gray-headed grandfather trudging the last miles of the journey friendless and alone. Nearly always he has children or grandchildren by his side to ease his burden, and take him by the hand, and help him up when he faints by the way.

With regard to grandmothers! Is it not a fact that we are accustomed to associate a certain idea of worldliness and selfishness—of wickedness, in fact—with grandmothers, which does not arise in our minds when we picture to ourselves an aged grandfather? We are indebted, in a great measure, to the novel writers for this impression; but we have no reason to question the faithfulness of the picture. We rarely have the idea of a wicked old grandfather, bnt we often, I am afraid, have the idea of a wicked old grandmother. There is the popular ideal of the wicked old woman in a wig walking with a crutch-stick, match-making for worldly goods, scheming, lying, telling improper stories, gambling at cards and cheating sometimes. Is it a true picture, a faithful likeness? I am afraid sometimes it is. There are good grandmothers, of course; but there are bad ones, and they are more often bad than the grandfathers. But we must make reasonable allowance for them. A man in his young and middle-age days can have his fling,

his fill of pleasure. He can sow his wild oats to the last grain. The wide scope of his indulgence enables him to see the folly of things. Not so with a woman. Her young days are a period of restraint; her married life is one of subjection. If she be wickedly inclined, it is not until she becomes an old grandmother that she can have her fling. The old grandfather has done with the froward ways of the world; the old grandmother begins to take them in hand.

There are certain outward attributes of the grandmother which accord with this view of her character. While the old grandfather humbly bows his bald head or blanched hair to the stroke of Time, the old grandmother endeavors to bear up against him with a wig or a false front. She is a skittish creature sometimes, and will go out into the field when the harvest is fully ripe, and coquette with the old gentleman who wields the scythe. She beguiles him to drop his gleaming blade and sit down beside her; and she is quite free with him, and taps him over his old knuckles with her fan. This grandmother tricks herself into the belief that the old man will continue polite, and will not suddenly rise up, take his weapon in hand, and cut her down with the rest. And so she goes on pursuing worldly traffic to the very last. This, of course, is only true of some old women; but it is true of them all, that they are more troubled about the world's affairs than men; that when they are disposed to any vice, they follow it with a stronger passion; that when they are the victims of any weakness, they are more completely under its influence. Avarice has been called a good old gentlemanly vice. It is rather, I think, a good old gentlewomanly vice. There is an extreme period of age when a man drops the money-bags; but a woman clings to them to the last, and will die with her fingers clutching them. Not that she is naturally more avaricious than man, but her life of dependence has filled her with an inordinate dread of poverty. She is afraid of being alone and friendless, *without money*.

The old man has not this dread. At a certain stage he cares little what becomes of him. He will go to the workhouse cheerfully, while the woman will, of all last resources, avoid that.

The drop of dew which glistens under the sunlight like a diamond, reveals under the microscope a mass of writhing, wriggling worms, fearsome to look at. Let us then stand a little back from our grandfathers and grandmothers. Let us shut up the microscope and view them under the sun. Going down the hill together hand in hand, they are a spectacle to fill the heart with gratitude to Heaven that such a peaceful fate is man's on earth. What a privilege for a grown man to have an aged grandfather and grandmother!—to be their stay and support in their old days; to stand by at last and close their eyes. What happiness to the aged to be thus lovingly tended, and have their own old care repaid to them. Truly, length of days are a blessed portion to old people, who live to see their children and their children's children spring up around them with a constant increase of affection—giving assurance that man can never die, and love can never fade.

Whatever you do, do it.

COUNTRY LIFE.

A great many people go and bury themselves in remote solitudes, with the idea that they are taking the best means to lead a simple and contemplative life. And most of us, when on a spring or autumn walk through a fine country, have felt a passing desire to do the same. All looks so fresh and tranquil. Yet there are very few cases in which this plan of life does not prove a failure. Not every man has such depth of resource within himself that he can endure isolation from society without growing deeply morose and dull. If he is a great philosopher or a thoroughly stupid person, he may try the experiment with success. But if he is only of ordinary temper, the monotony of a rural life to which he has not always been accustomed has the worst effect. He furnishes his library with good books, and orders his papers and reviews to be sent regularly, and has a garden, and a cow or two, and a pig or two, and he means to ask a friend to stay with him twice or thrice a year. The whole thing is delightful for a month. He reads and takes his exercise, and gazes meditatively at the cows at their grazing, and the pigs grubbing in their troughs, and he feels that he is communing with nature, and is leading the life of one of her truest sons. But by and by communing with nature becomes a boar. The cows and pigs are all very well, but they have no views, and they cannot interchange ideas. The newspaper, which at first was rather snubbed, gets more and more precious, and the advertisements of the play and the operas and the railway trips seem the most valuable part of it. Finally, the foolish man who had thought he had much goods laid up for himself gives up the remote solitude; or else, if he is perverse as well as foolish, he clings to it, and brings his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by sheer monotony and crushing dullness of life. It is scarcely less of a mistake for anybody who has to live most of the year in one spot to pitch his tent in a surpassingly beautiful country. The country seats of great people may be wisely placed in the richest scenery that can be found, because great people are constantly moving about from place to place. But rich scenery is apt to become cloying. A house between a fir-wood and a dark heath is much more likely to be a place of permanent pleasure than one placed in the midst of glorious trees and graceful undulations, and fine park-land with superb views. All these are meant to stimulate the mind of the spectator, but they cease to stimulate when we know every point by heart, and see the same splendor every morning before breakfast, and at lunch, and in afternoon rides or walks all the year long. On the whole, a wise man will not leave the city too far away, but will say with the poet:—

> Not wholly in the busy world nor quite
> Beyond it blooms the garden that I love:
> News from the humming city comes to it
> In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
> And sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
> The windy clanging of the minster clock.

This is much better for anybody who does not want his mind to go to sleep than sequestered dells where you get the newspaper two days old, where there are no railways, and where your nearest friend lives a dozen or twenty miles away. Such places are only meant for tourists and farmers.

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